

Our Correspondents.

Sedgewickville

The weather has been fine, but is rather threatening now.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Seabaugh and John Seabaugh and family visited at F. M. Hahs's near Sedgewickville Sunday.

Garfield Bollinger and family and his mother visited at Emerson Seabaugh's Sunday.

Judas Seabaugh and family

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THE MAIDS of PARADISE

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "Cardigan" "The Conspirators" "Maids-at-Arms" etc

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

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course, that the government is anxious. But you don't know what a pitiable sight the authorities are in. The seven jewels, the bars of gold of the tower, the great pictures from the Louvre, the antiques of value, including the Venus of Milo, have been packed in cases and loaded on trains under heavy guard.

Twelve of these trains have already left Paris for the port of Lorient. The others are to follow, one every twenty-four hours at midnight. A swift cruiser—the *Forde-launce*—is lying off Lorient with steam up night and day, ready to receive the treasures of the government at the first alarm and run for the French possessions in Cochinchina.

And now, perhaps, you may guess why Buckhurst is so anxious to hang around Paradise.

Of course I was startled. Speed's muttered information gave me the keys to many doors. And behind each door were millions and millions and millions of francs' worth of plunder.

One eye met in mute interrogation. Speed smiled.

Do you remember an application for license from the manager of a

town-crier announces the coming of the circus? I inquired.

"That will cost ten sous if he drums and reads the announcement from here to the chateau."

I gave the mayor ten copper pennies.

The mayor glanced at me.

"Paris still holds out?" he asked, with a yawn.

"Oh yes," I replied.

"And the war—is it still going badly for us?"

"There is always hope," I answered.

"Hope," he grumbled; "oh yes, we know what hope is—we of the coast live on it when there's no bread; but hope never yet filled my belly for me. Why, not a keel has passed out of the port since August! Where is the fishing fleet? Where are the fishers? Where are the sailors? Where are the fishermen? Where are the fishermen?"

"Have the German cruisers frightened all your craft from the sea?" I asked, astonished.

"Yes, partly. Then there's an ugly French cruiser lying off Groix, yonder, and her black stacks are dribbling smoke all day and all night. We have orders to keep off and use Lorient when we want a port."

"You believe the cruiser out at sea yonder is going to bring you evil?"

"She has brought it. But it's all the same to me. I am mayor, and exempt, and I have elder and tobacco and boudin for a few months yet."

At that moment we both caught sight of a peasant running and waving a packet of blue papers in the air.

"Monsieur the mayor! Monsieur the mayor!" he called, while still far away.

"Ce cochon de malheur!" muttered the mayor, turning pale. "He's got a telegram."

He turned to me, almost bursting with suppressed prophecy.

"It has come—the evil that the black cruiser brings us! You laughed! You, monsieur; there's your bad luck in those blue morsels of paper!"

And he snatched the telegram from the breathless messenger, reading it with dilating eyes.

When at length the magistrate had mastered the contents of his telegram, he looked up with a stupid stare.

"I want my drummer. Where's the town-crier?" he demanded, as though dazed.

"He has gone to Lorient, m'sieu the mayor," ventured the messenger.

"To get drunk? I remember. Imbecile! Why did he go today? Are there not six other days in this cursed week? Who is there to drum? Nobody. Nobody knows how in Paradise to get drunk. Die! the ignorance of this town!"

"Monsieur the mayor," ventured the messenger, "there's Jacqueline."

"Ho! Vrai! The Lizard's young one? She can drum, they say."

"The little which can drum them awake in Keris," muttered the messenger.

The mayor rose, looked around the square, frowned. Then he raised his voice in a yell.

"Jacqueline! Jacqueline! Jacqueline! Thou Jacqueline!"

A far voice answered, faintly breaking across the square from the bridge.

"She is on the rocks with her sea-rake!"

The mayor thrust the blue telegram into his pocket and waddled out of his garden, across the square, and up the path to the cliffs.

Uninvited, I went with him.

but, probably remembering he was at her mercy, suppressed his wrath and held out the telegram. "Can you read that, my child?"

"Yes, I can read it. Why not? Can't you?"

"Read? I the mayor of Paradise?" repeated the outraged magistrate. "What do you mean, lizard of lizards? gorse cat!"

"Now if you are going to say such things I won't drum for you," said the child, glancing at me out of her sea-blue eyes and giving a shake to her elf-locks.

I gave her a hand-bill; at the first glance her eyes sparkled, the color deepened under her coat of amber tan; she caught her breath and read rapidly to the end.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she said, softly. "Am I to read this in the square?"

"I will give you a franc to read it, Jacqueline."

"No, no—only—oh, do let me come in and see the heavenly wonders! Would you, monsieur? I—I cannot pay—but would—could you let me come in? I will read your notice, anyway," she added, with a quaver in her voice.

"Come whenever you like, Jacqueline," I said. "Ask for me at the gate."

"And who are you, monsieur?"

"My name is Scarlett."

"Scarlett," she whispered, as though naming a sacred thing.

The mayor, who had toddled some distance ahead of us, now halted in the square, looking back at us through the red evening light.

Jacqueline, the drum is in my house. I'll lend you a pair of sabots, too. Come, hasten little lizard!"

We entered the mayor's garden, where the flowers were glowing in the luster of the setting sun. The mayor soon reappeared with drum and drumsticks in one hand and a pair of sabots in the other. "Go, my child," he said, and Jacqueline marched through the garden out into the square by the fountain, drumsticks clutched in one tanned fist, the scrolls of paper in the other.

In the center of the square she stood a moment, looking around, then raised the drumsticks; there came a click, a flash of metal, and the quiet square echoed with a startling outburst. Already a knot of people had gathered around her; others came swiftly to windows and doorsteps; the loungers left their stone benches by the river, the maids of Paradise flocked from the bridge. The drum-roll ceased.

"Attention! Men of Finistere! By order of the governor of Lorient, all men between the ages of twenty and forty, otherwise not exempt, are ordered to report at the navy yard barracks, war-fort of Lorient, on the 6th of November of the present year, to join the army of the Loire."

"Bretons! France calls! Answer with your ancient battle-cries, Sainte-Anne! Sainte-Anne! The eyes of the world are on Armorica! To arms!"

The girl's voice ceased; a dead silence reigned in the square. The men looked at one another stupidly; a woman began to whimper.

"The curse is on Paradise!" cried a hoarse voice.

The drummer was already drawing another paper from her ragged pocket, and again in the same clear, emotionless voice, but slightly drawing her words, she read:

"To the people of Paradise! The manager of the famous American traveling circus, lately returned from a tour of the northern provinces, with camels, elephants, lions and a magnificent company of artists, announces a stupendous exhibition to be held in

Lorient at greatly reduced prices, thus enabling the intelligent and appreciative people of Paradise to honor the Republican circus, recently known as the Imperial circus, with their benevolent and discerning patronage! Long live France! Long live the republic! Long live the circus!"

A resounding roll of the drum ended the announcements; the girl slung the drum over her shoulder, turned to the right, and passed over the stone bridge, sabots clicking.

The maids of Paradise were weeping now by the fountain, the men gathered near, and their slow, hushed voices scarcely rose above the ripple of the stream where Robert the Lizard faded in silence.

I walked across to the Quimperle road and met Jacqueline, dancing along with her drum. We stood in the middle of the high-road looking through the dust haze, she doubtless dreaming of the splendors to come, I very, very tired.

Suddenly, straight out of the flaming gates of the sunset, the miracle was wrought. Breathless, she shrank back among the weeds, one hand pressed to her throbbing throat. Then she caught sight of something through the dust that filled her with a delicious terror.

The man whose specialty is making excuses never makes good.

Appropriate Style.

"How do you want the forestry pictures reproduced?"

"In wood cuts, stupid."

Many School Children Are Sickly.

Children who are delicate, nervous and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, and are recommended for complaining children. A packet is ready for mailing. Used by Mothers for 14 years. At all druggists. Dr. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. A-57.

Willing to Learn.

Moved by an impulse he could not resist, he suddenly kissed her. "Oh, Herbert!" she exclaimed, "that's not right." "I'm sorry, Helen," replied Herbert humbly. "I did the best I know how. Won't you show me the proper way?"

A GRATEFUL OLD MAN.

Mr. W. D. Smith, Ethel, Ky., writes: "I have been using Dodd's Kidney Pills for ten or twelve years and they have done me a great deal of good. I do not think I would be alive today if it were not for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I strained my back about forty years ago, which left it very weak. I was troubled with inflammation of the bladder. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of that and the Kidney Trouble. I take Dodd's Kidney Pills now to keep from having Backache. I am 77 years old and a farmer. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial, and you may use my picture in connection with it." Correspondent with Mr. Smith about this wonderful remedy.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

What He Wanted.

"The palaces of our millionaires are undoubtedly the most beautiful in the world," said a noted New York architect the other day. "The American millionaire has, as a rule, an aesthetic sense. He isn't like Cashley of Chillicothe."

Cashley, last winter, visited the Riviera. Arriving at the Palace hotel in Nice, he said to the clerk:

"Gimme the dearest room in the house, young feller."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk. "And would you prefer, sir, a sea view or a mountain view—a view of the Mediterranean, or a view of the Maritime Alps?"

"Oh, I don't care nothin' about that," said Cashley. "The dearest room in the house, young feller—that's what I want."

The Miller's Turkeys.

Condemning political grafters, John A. Hennessy said in New York:

"When I look at these sleek millionaires who never did a day's work in their lives, I think of the miller."

"The miller, on the way home from church one Christmas morning, met the village idiot, and said, thinking to have a little sport:

"Sam, I'm glad to see you. Now, Sam, look here; some folks say you know a lot, and some say you know nothing. Tell me, Sammy, my lad, what do you know?"

"I know," said the idiot, with a crafty smile, that the miller's turkeys are fat."

"Ha, ha, good," said the miller, for the compliment pleased him. "And now, Sam, my lad, tell me what you don't know."

"Sam smiled more craftily still. 'I don't know whose meal fattens 'em,' he said."

SELF DELUSION.

Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgences and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness.

A man can convince himself that whiskey is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whiskey or beer.

It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headache and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon."

"My folks thought it was coffee that ailed me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me."

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what difference it would make with my head, and during that first week on Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in fine health."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.



"I'll Cry Your Edicts and I'll Drum for You, Too!"

traveling American show—a Yankee circus?

"Byram's Imperial American circus," I said.

"That's it. They went through Normandy last summer. Well, Byram's agent is going to meet us at Saint Cloud. We're engaged, I'm to do ballrooming—you know I worked one of the military balloons before Petersburg. You are to do sensational riding. You were riding master in the Siphia—were you not?"

"I tamed three lions for my first mount at Constantinople," I said.

"Good lad! Then you can play with Byram's lions, too. Oh, what the devil!" he cried, recklessly. "It's all in a lifetime."

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER IX.

The Road to Paradise.

On the 2nd of November Byram's American circus, traveling slowly overland toward the Spanish frontier, drew up for an hour's rest at Quimperle. I, however, as usual, prepared to ride forward to select a proper place for our encampment, and to procure the necessary license.

We were in seedy circumstances, an endless chain of bad luck had followed us from Chartres.

The fortune that Byram had made in the previous year was already gone, we no longer traveled by rail; we no longer slept at inns; we could barely pay for the food for our animals.

"Not enough cash for the license," asked Byram, uneasily.

"Plenty, governor, don't worry," I replied, and set my horse at a gallop over the old stone bridge.

I passed a stone house, another; then the white road curved under the trees and I rode straight into the heart of Paradise, my horse's hoofs awaking echoes in the silent, stone-paved square.

A young girl with a face like the Madonna stole across the square in her felt shoes.

"Can you tell me where the mayor lives?" I asked, looking down at her from my horse.

"Ho! In, out, monsieur, will faut bien, the mayor is at breakfast in his kitchen yonder."

"Thank you, my child."

I turned my horse across the shady square to a stone house backed up with bed on bed of scented geraniums. The windows were open; a fat man with very small eyes sat inside eating an omelet.

I told him that I wanted a license for a circus to camp for one night; that I also desired permission to pitch camp somewhere in the vicinity. He made out the license, stamped it, handed it to me, and I paid him the usual fee.

"How much will it cost to have your

town-crier announce the coming of the circus?" I inquired.

"That will cost ten sous if he drums and reads the announcement from here to the chateau."

I gave the mayor ten copper pennies.

The mayor glanced at me.

"Paris still holds out?" he asked, with a yawn.

"Oh yes," I replied.

"And the war—is it still going badly for us?"

"There is always hope," I answered.

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